UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Louis L. Mann
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Judas Bargains Thrice—A One-Act Play
By Jay G. Sigmund

The New Deal Produces a King
- - - - - *Harold P. Marley*

Gangsters in Uniform - *Harrison Brown*

"The Eleventh Commandment"
- - - *Reviewed by Arthur L. Weatherly*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

"Will in No Circumstances Fight for King and Country"

[From Our Special Correspondent]

Oxford promises to be the origin of a students' movement for pacifism that will take deep hold on the world. It started in the "Oxford Union"—which is composed of leading students, and which roots back into most respectable traditions.

It started on Thursday night, February 9th, when the Union debated, "Resolved, That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country." It was carried by a vote of 275 to 153. This acted like the ringing of Liberty Bell. Few subjects have created more discussion in the press.

On Thursday night, February 16, something occurred that naturally fanned the blaze. After the Minutes, containing the passed Resolution were read, a band of students—"troops" and "raiders" they have been named—rushed the doorkeepers and in dead silence on the part of the Union tore the offending page from the Minutes-book, and retired, leaving behind a bunch of 275 white feathers! The feathers, after the meeting, which proceeded in regular fashion, were distributed among members—to be worn as badges of honor! Every London paper carried the news. Letters filled the correspondence columns—protesting and commending. Editorials were forthcoming. Old Oxford men said, "something must be done about it!" Men like A. A. Milne wrote, "That's the best thing that has happened in years. I hope the papers will take it up."

On Thursday night, February 23, came a drastic climax. The offending Resolution had been restored to the Minutes. The Union was to vote on the question of "Expunging the Resolution from the Minutes." There was a full house, with not even "standing room"—in all, 888 in attendance. A lot of the "old men," so-called "Backwoodsmen," were there—among them Randolph Churchill and Lord Stanley. Lord Stanley proposed the motion of expungement.

The chairman, F. M. Hardie, said that the Resolution "cast no slur on the memory of the dead—on the contrary it was to keep a solemn pledge to those men that were fighting in a war to end war. . . . To expunge a proposal that had been debated and carried from the Minute-book is childish in its absurdity."

Lord Stanley and Mr. Churchill were received with mingled laughter and hissing. Stink bombs were thrown—the windows were opened. When the air was purified, the debate went on with an attempt to withdraw the motion to expunge. To this the House would not listen—there were cries of "coward" and "funk"—and insisted on a vote being taken. A division of the House showed 138 for the

(*Continued on page* 96)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXI MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1933 Number 6

Such there be, who when they have done a good turn to any, are ready to set them on the score for it, and to require recompense. Others there be, who though they stand not upon recompense, to require any, yet they think with themselves nevertheless, that such a one is their debtor, and they know as their word is what they have done. Others again there be, who when they have done any such thing, do not so much as know what they have done, but are like unto the vine, which beareth her grapes, and when once she hath borne her own proper fruit, is contented and seeks for no further reward. As a horse after a race, and a hunting dog when he hath hunted, and a bee when she hath made her honey, look not for applause and commendation; so neither doth that man that rightly doth understand his own nature when he hath done a good turn: but from one doth proceed to do another, even as the vine after she hath once borne fruit in her own proper season, is ready for another time. Thou therefore must be one of them, who what they do, barely do it without any further thought, and are in a manner, insensible of what they do.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

Premier MacDonald's expedition to Geneva and Rome was the desperate move of a desperate man. All honor to a statesman so dedicated to peace and so awake to the terror of present-day European conditions that he was willing to do the unprecedented thing of going hat in hand to European capitals and, like a beggar, seek acceptance of his plan for order among the contending nationalisms of the world! This plan was as desperate as the mind of the man who conceived it. It had the one good feature of disrupting the Versailles Treaty and thus sweeping away whatever may be left of that abomination. Its other provisions, however, were so near to lunacy that one wonders whether Mr. MacDonald's genuine agony over the plight of mankind has not upset his reason. Imagine his proposing the doubling of Germany's army as a means of securing disarmament, and actually thinking that France would accept this idea as not in any way endangering her security! Then his suggestion that private armies should be abolished!—what silly little bird twitted to the British Premier's ear that Mussolini and Hitler would consent to this innocent proposal? As to the four-power pact—England, France, Germany, Italy, joined together to keep the peace (in their own interest!)—must we really turn away thus abruptly from the League of Nations, the World Court, the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, and go back to the pre-war status of armed alliances for the maintenance of peace? This charming policy led only to the Great War in 1914—what scrap of evidence is there that it will lead to anything better in 1934? Of course, this inquiry is now more or less academic, since the Little Entente, through Foreign Minister Benes, of Czecho-Slovakia, has repudiated this whole program and thus effectually disposed of it. The smaller nations of Europe will continue to trust to the League, thank you, rather than put their faith in this "dictatorship of four great powers," as they call it. So Mr. MacDonald has had his trouble for his pains. We wonder how often this former Socialist and pacifist broods over the days when he was following not policies but convictions, and thus could achieve the peace of his own heart if not of the world.

It has been enormously interesting and significant to observe the persistency of the American press in "playing down" the Hitler outrages reported out of Germany. In so far as this is an attempt to do justice to the German people and thus protect them from the awful experience of misrepresentation and slander from which they suffered during the War, this attitude of our newspapers is to be commended. But we cannot believe that this motive is very important. Compare the work of the press today, for example, in the handling of the Nazi atrocity stories, with its work a decade and more ago in the handling of the Bolshevik atrocity stories. The one supreme difference in these two experiences is to be found in the fact that there was never any real basis of verified information for the monstrous reports of the deeds of Lenin, while there is abundant evidence, of direct and unimpeachable character, of the deeds of Hitler. We have in our own hands, for example, a personal letter from an English correspondent long resident in Germany, a man of tried experience and trained ability, which gives report direct of what he himself has seen and knows. Similar letters and dispatches have in one way or another gotten through the barriers of the censorship. Why were our editors so eager yesterday to believe the most extravagant tales out of Russia, and so loathe today to believe even the mildest tales out of Germany? Is it because, in the first case, grand dukes and princes and aristocrats and other respectabilities were being murdered; and in this latter case the rod and sword are falling only upon Communists and Jews? We should hate to believe it, but the surmise explains, or seems to explain, a lot

of things. Meanwhile, all honor to Rabbi Wise and his associates who have lifted the cry of alarm and protest on behalf of their stricken brethren of Israel! And all honor as well to the churches, Catholic and Protestant, of all creeds and denominations, who with one voice and one heart have joined in the name of Christ to oppose this latest persecution of Christ's kin! Christianity is nobly true to itself at this dread hour of savagery and hate.

One of the sad features of the German debâcle is the fall of President Von Hindenburg. The old Field Marshal has been a stalwart figure in recent years. In his original election to the presidency of the Republic, he was viewed with suspicion by friends of the Weimar Constitution both inside and outside the Reich. But straightway he rose to the challenge of his high office and stood as a bulwark against the pounding assault of the waves of opposition. In the latest presidential election, he defied his old age in running against Hitler and saving the Republic from the Nazis' clutches. Then, when the National Socialist flood pressed hard upon him, he seemed by one clever maneuver after another to outwit the enemy. When at last he received Hitler into the chancellorship, it was immediately assumed, especially by those who were unwilling to face facts—most of all, by the American press—that he was taking the Nazi leader into his arms as a bear takes a victim into his embrace, to crush him to death. But now it is tragically evident that it is Hitler and not Hindenburg who is doing the crushing. In a few weeks the President has been reduced by the Dictator to the absurdly futile position of the puppet-King of Italy. What has happened? Has age suddenly conquered the old man, and reduced him to weakness and senility? Have old loyalties gradually, through the process of time and of events, reasserted themselves and thus taken command again of the erstwhile servant of the Kaiser? Have his supporters scattered and betrayed him, and thus left him "naked to his enemies"? History can alone answer these dreadful questions. Meanwhile, Von Hindenburg does dutifully the bidding of the unspeakable Hitler; and would undoubtedly, if the hour came, receive back the Hohenzollerns.

> How are the mighty fallen,
> And the weapons of war perished.

The end of the Roosevelt honeymoon has come. As a matter of fact, it was never as much a honeymoon as it was a kind of reign of terror. With the country in a state of utter collapse at the moment the new President took the oath of office, Congress and the citizens alike were glad enough to let the incoming executive do anything that promised relief. They would have voted Mr. Roosevelt the seven seas "and all that is therein," or even the moon and the stars and the sun itself, if he had asked for them. So the emergency Banking Bill, and the Economy Bill, and the Beer Bill, all went through with a rush. But with the country saved, at least for the moment, there are signs of a return to normal. Congressmen are recovering their minds, and are remembering that they have some powers under the Constitution. The citizens are slowly "coming to," and are wondering if a President so willing to be a dictator as Mr. Roosevelt seems to be, is wisely to be dowered with supreme authority. The Farm Bill, as mad a piece of legislation as ever existed outside of Alice's Wonderland, has encountered the stiffest kind of opposition in the Senate. The Reforestation Bill, a piece of crazy fantasy, will split the Congress as it is splitting the nation. And the Banking Bill, the Tariff Bill, the Relief Bill—well, "the worst is yet to come." It must be said that not all the trouble brewing for President Roosevelt is to his discredit. On the contrary, he is arousing antagonism in certain quarters which is to his everlasting glory. What lies at the heart of the situation is the fact that the administration is presenting a muddled program which is bound, of course, to stir a muddled reaction. For it is never going to do any good to probe here, and poultice there, in a wild endeavor to cure paralysis. This depression is not going to be overcome by sewing a patch-work quilt out of the rags and tatters of American society. What is needed is the weaving of a new piece of cloth, on a pattern fresh to the experience of men. Of this Mr. Roosevelt and his curious advisers apparently see nothing. So, we shall go jogging and jolting along the road to nowhere, with the early honeymoon fast turned to bitterness and woe.

Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to the undying gratitude of the country for using drastically the power given him by the Economy Bill to cut down the lavish expenditures of the government long dictated by the veterans "racket." As an exhibition of sentimentality, waste, and corruption, we know of nothing to compare with the largess poured out by this nation upon the men enlisted, most of them involuntarily, in its armies. So fearful of this question are even those who would do something about it, that we never get any honest discussion of the realities involved. The moment the subject is opened, reservations and compromises and hems-and-haws begin to appear. Thus, we are always told that of course there must be no stint in granting relief to those wounded or injured in the course of duty at the front. But why? Are these men never to get well? Is there no such thing in medical science applied to war veterans as recovery? If a man is a hopeless invalid from battle injuries, well and good—support him. But how many are rightly listed in this category? Then, in denouncing the American Legion and other gangster organizations for bleeding the government white in the selfish interest of its own members, it is

invariably said that of course there are thousands of veterans who are opposed to this campaign for graft. So? Where are they? Why don't we hear from them? Why don't they stop a work which stamps every uniform with disgrace and infamy? It is well to get some common-sense into this question by looking abroad and seeing what is done by other countries, whose soldiers really suffered. Note this impressive letter written to the Boston *Herald* by Miss A. Marion Holmes of that city:

I served four years in France as nurse's aid, then worked as occupational aide in a veterans' hospital for two years, so no one can tell me anything about this veterans' problem.

While the men were in the hospital, their degree of disability was often rated. I can, without any reservation, say that unless they were granted at least 50 to 100 per cent disability they refused to accept it, but renewed their fight to get that sought-after rating. They used every means to gain their end, usually political pull, and by this means, many got it, and you and I are paying the bill, I can vouch that the majority never deserved it.

During a trip to France, visiting the homes of many Frenchmen I had nursed, I looked into the way France handled her cases. It was enlightening compared to ours. All men who receive compensation must go once in so often to his medical divisional center for a thorough examination, so as to have re-evaluated the progress of his disability. If there is an improvement and his ability to carry on his profession or life work is thereby improved, his amount of compensation is lowered. Fair, isn't it?

If at any time he needs medical attention, he goes to his medical center, and if he needs hospital treatment, is sent there. But it is done with all the speed possible. He is sent home and tended by his divisional doctor till cured.

In their hospitals the man is not coddled, entertained, given free theater tickets, Red Cross huts, free rides and picnics, as with us, so that no Frenchman has reason for pulling wires in order to remain. The Frenchman is given necessary care, and he must become an economic factor as speedily as possible. I would hate to tell you how men fought being discharged from the veterans' hospital where I was and how committees of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars came again and again to see why the man was being discharged; and finally, as anyone may guess, the man remained months longer in his luxurious place when he should have been out earning his living and was as well able to do so as many, many men in ordinary life. But if I went into the iniquities of the veterans' hospitals, I would never finish.

The death of HENRY T. HODGKIN, English Quaker, is a sad and grievous loss to the peace movement not only in England but throughout the world. For Dr. Hodgkin made the world his field, and labored there for years on behalf of reconciliation and goodwill. His early career was spent as a medical missionary in China, where he went in 1905. In later years he toured China more than once, lecturing on international questions, and spreading abroad the influence of his benign and loving spirit. From 1922 to 1929 he served as foreign secretary of the National Christian Council of China. In 1927 he was a conspicuous figure at the Institute of Political Relations in Honolulu. A pacifist of the extreme type, he did his greatest work, we feel, in founding in England, in the early days of the Great War, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which united in the hour of crisis men and women of many sects and creeds in the one great work of peace. The establishment of a similar Fellowship in this country was largely due to the example of himself and his co-workers. Dr. Hodgkin's fine mind was a fit interpreter of his noble spirit. Certain of his books, notably "The Christian Revolution," are indispensable contributions to the literature of pacifism. But his personality was his great gift. He was that type of Englishman which shows the cleavage in English character which makes so difficult, indeed so unfair, any sweeping indictment of the greatest empire since Rome. Of Britain's crimes in the imperial field there is nothing to be said in extenuation except that they are the crimes of all great powers in the world of military conquest and economic exploitation. And at home, in London and Westminster, there are the tories and the diehards, the viceroys and pro-consuls, the Clives and Cromers and Curzons and Churchills and all their tribe, who justify the deeds which they themselves have done. But these Britons have never been without challenge and opposition in their own country. Englishmen there have always been who have hated war, despised imperialism, denounced oppression, and striven for justice, brotherhood and peace. We doubt if there is any country in history, either ancient or modern, which has produced so long and unbroken and heroic a line of humanitarians and pacifists as England. Henry Hodgkin was in this line—and one of the bravest and noblest of his time. It is such men who make their country truly great, and forecast the coming of the day when not the Empire of Britain but the Commonwealth of Man shall dominate the earth.

The New Deal Produces a King

Scarcely had the cards of the new President been laid on the table than the public realized that it had been dealt a king. On the steps of the Capitol, which so many Presidents have mounted with the fear of God and Congress in their hearts, he boldly exclaimed that if necessary he would ask Congress for power as great as the power that would be given to him if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe. The man who managed the navy during the war and who defied the U-boats of Tammany, cracked the whip over the head of constitutional government in true Hitler fashion.

Without seeking to decry the accomplishments of the new administration at the start or pillory the man who at least knows that there is a crisis in the land, it is entirely *a propos* to examine the cards of "the new deal." We would take the view of Ibsen that government is not inerrent and that the citizens who take part in the game should at least understand the rules. The

first card played was that proclamation closing the banks (forty-six governors had already made this move) and the framing of legislation to open them again in an orderly fashion. The bill, written in feverish haste, was adopted by Congress in the same way. The Senate debated the measure for three hours, half of which time was taken by a man from the state's rights sector of the country in a futile effort so to amend the bill that struggling state banks might be drawn under the wing of the Federal Reserve System.

In spite of the fact that the Senate voted seventy-three to seven in favor of the bill and 140,000 commendatory telegrams flooded the White House, the trick was not taken without some trepidation. Even Senator Glass, haggard from lack of sleep, and filled with anxiety lest Huey Long might try another filibuster, admitted that "there are provisions of this bill so broad and so liberal that no friend of the Federal Reserve banking system in ordinary times would tolerate them for a moment." Senator Robinson suggested that the word "hereafter" be stricken from the bill since "Congress certainly does not want to approve everything the President may do in the future, as well as what he has done in the past;" nor was Senator LaFollette to be denied an opportunity to point out the possibilities of Wall Street using this measure for its selfish advantage. In the other wing of the Capitol, the House listened to Henry B. Steagall recite poetry and predict that the people would follow their new leader "until we stand again in the glorious sunlight of prosperity and happiness in this Republic." Robert Luce was not to be fooled by Alabama oratory and quietly rose to ask whether the bill had been proposed "by the same influences that are responsible for this financial situation." If it was, and if it in no sense represented "the new deal," then "I shall fight it and do everything I can to defeat it."

Now that the bill is law, and now that "conservators" (local dictators) have set about bringing some order out of the more chaotic banks, it is possible to evaluate the actual outcome. Did Mr. Roosevelt do through mild inflation what Mr. Hoover did through his R. F. C. loans? Will the pledge of the new President that bank failures must stop be kept, or will the forty-six hundred already in the scrap heap be added unto? The public should be grateful that they were saved the indignity of futilely standing in line—in other words, that banks failed more gracefully. But in the end will it be saved much money? It should not be forgotten that in spite of the success in getting gold out of hoarding, there is essentially no new philosophy back of our banking system. To refer to the Inaugural, the money changers "have fled from their high seats in the temple of civilization;" they were not driven out as by the man who supplied this figure of speech by his courageous act. Merely to "restore the temple to the ancient truths" is one thing, and to build a new temple is quite another matter. Evidently "the new deal" is from the same old deck of cards, with its grotesque dollar mark on the joker. Banks are not to be removed from the category of profit-making enterprises in spite of the sensational admissions of Mr. Charles Mitchell and others.

Nor was any fundamental change suggested in the Economy measure, which was the second card dealt. It was readily apparent that in order to put men to work at reforestation or some other project, money would have to be secured. This was to be taken out of pensions and salaries, after the example of the employers of the land who have been taking their profits out of wages, in spite of their earlier pledge to Herbert Hoover to the contrary. No hint that economies might be effected by cutting down on preparations for future war was forthcoming, unless one should assume that men go to war for their pensions, and would read this economy handwriting on the wall. Congress was not so enthusiastic about unanimous consent this time, and amendments were actually voted. The first vote in the House was 266 in favor, and 138 against; and the telegrams from the states were few and far between. One Representative suggested that the matter be taken to the family caucus, and there "let us frankly and freely consider it and discuss it."

Curiously the farmers, those traditional individualists, are enthusiastically in favor of a dictator, it being suggested that Mr. Roosevelt do for them now what Woodrow Wilson once did. They urge through their representatives and Secretary Wallace that absolute price-fixing, market-regulating and production-curtailing powers be given, which is even more authority than the previous Democratic president enjoyed under the Food Administration Act. Of course, the farmers want a benevolent dictator—one who will bring them the peace of mind and security which any good king is supposed to bring to his subjects. They, of course, forget that every group will hie itself to the banks of the Potomac, if this precedent is established. They also forget how fundamental food is to any national life, and how successful they have been in protecting themselves against the middle-man and the holder of the mortgage.

If America must have a dictator, Franklin Roosevelt would make a most affable one. We have the word of the Washington correspondents for that. His aeroplane flight from Albany to Chicago last summer proves beyond a doubt that he knows the fundamentals of building up a psychology of devotion and obedience. He is deeply sincere when he says, "If Congress chooses to invest me with this responsibility, it will be exercised in the spirit of justice to all, of sympathy to those who are in need and of maintaining inviolate

the basic welfare of the United States." Yet can he, being what he is and having the cabinet that he has, "'be fair not only to the few but to the many"? The cabinet cards were not significant, other than the queen. Unfortunately the ace, who might have done for the bank scandal what he did for the oil scandal, never reached the table. When we consider that the same man who is now pledged to uphold the navy was pledged also to disarmament at Geneva, it is apparent that either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hoover reniged in their appointment. Had the assassin's bullet reached its mark, and had the country known its President-elect as it now understands him and applauds him, it is doubtful if his tomb would ever have become a Lenin's tomb. There could be no mistake about Lenin's dictatorship—it was of the people and for the people. There is some question about the American deal—a deal from the same soiled and torn deck which has so often been stacked against the people in the favor of some selfish interest.

Even a dictator would have trouble keeping a game going which the people did not want to play. If they suddenly decided that, in spite of "the new deal," the result would be about the same, they might suddenly tire of the whole business and ask for a new game—a completely different philosophy of government and living. Perhaps we are entering this era today, not the dictatorship of an individual or even a government, but the dictatorship of economic laws brought down to date. The government is but the referee of the new game who sees that the people on their farms and in their decentralized factories play according to the new rules. It is likely that "the new deal" won't come from Washington at all, but from the Iowa farms and the factories where democratic ownership and control is practiced. Should someone renig in this new game it will be readily apparent for the rules will be more simple, not involved in the intricacies of a holding company of holding companies of a Samuel Insull. Indeed, the game will be played for the love of the game and not for the earnings and worthless I. O. U.s involved. Once more the country belongs to the people. Will they go westward as did their fathers, this time with a new philosophy to fit the new day? Or will they go eastward, to the Potomac, creating an emperor for their new empire? (Rev.) Harold P. Marley.

Jottings

The arrest and indictment of Mr. Mitchell, late of the National City Bank, on income tax charges, moves us not at all, for this man is only one of millions who have defrauded the government by manipulated returns. If he is convicted, it will only prove that the great American crime is "getting found out."

If we would measure the full insanity of our society, we cannot do better than study the Farm Bill which proposes to pay millions of dollars to farmers on condition that they leave their lands idle and produce nothing. This while millions faint for lack of food!

Mark Sullivan, in "Our Times," has told the story of the last twenty-five years in American history. Frederick Allen, in "Only Yesterday," wrote up the last ten years. Gilbert Seldes, in "Years of the Locust," covered the last three years. Now comes Edwin C. Hill with a new book which writes the record of the year just passed, 1932! This seems to be the fitting time to announce that we are preparing to write a book on the first two months of this present year, 1933.

We read in a newspaper headline, "Mrs. Roosevelt Honors Paderewski." That is one way of putting it! Perhaps another way of describing the event in question quite as accurate from the standpoint of the immortal pianist and composer, would be "Paderewski Honors Mrs. Roosevelt."

The road to dictatorship is always the same. President Roosevelt gets unprecedented powers by due vote of Congress, and Hitler gets the same by due vote of the Reichstag. It's all perfectly constitutional—except that when it's done, there isn't any constitution! In other words, democracy commits suicide, and all the people applaud.

If We Were a Newspaper Editor: (1) *We would publish no more pictures of Mrs. Roosevelt for a year!* Yes, make it ten years. J. H. H.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Twelve Were with Him

The door is opened; a hush then falls;
A taut hour; around that board
A giant drama; within those walls
The twelve, seated with Christ, their Lord.

Bread on the table and purple wine—
The Body of Christ in wheat of the field:
His blood in the grape which hung on the vine—
The Flesh of The Christ in the reaper's yield.

How eagerly men have bungled and sought
To keep this epic in story and stone
But the mighty rhythms were never caught—
They muted the subtler overtone.

"Is it I Rabbi?" men seldom plumb
The spirit him who cringed in his chair,
Awaiting the time for his knaves to come
While Christ broke bread and was praying there.

"I will go before you to Galilee!"
Did even these twelve men fully sense?
"All ye shall be offended in me!"
The twelve men with Him grew hushed and tense.

They blended their voices; oh, Holy Hour!
May the hearts of His groping millions yearn
For a day when His Peace shall come to flower
The swords be broken; the killers learn!

JAY G. SIGMUND.

Arrow Flight

Aim for the sky like a mounting lark;
And stretch till the bowstring is a crescent arc;
Strain till the arm is wrenched with an ache
Which only achieving its target may slake.
And know that the speeding arrow of life
Shall fly through space like a sharpened knife,
Cleaving the heaven, the planets and sun
On a magic journey, ecstatically run.

MARGARET LATHROP LAW.

Father

Fearless builder of bridges and railroads,
Firm leader of working men,
Still may I see with memory's eyes
Your keen, grey eyes again.
In waking dream I feel your arm
About my sleepy head
And, folded like a care-free child,
Burdens and age are shed.
I live once more in love's own world
Where all is strong and true.
Now when I have a thought of God
There comes a thought of you.

MARY MORRIS DUANE.

No Answer

In the park the benches are full of idle men;
Unhurriedly they take their places, then
They sit and talk, but after all's been said
There still remains the brood that's underfed
And time, but time is not enough,
And speech grows rough
When hands are restless kept from rightful work,
These strong and virile hands unused to shirk.
For needs of life are long and numberless,
And thoughts are smouldering in idleness.
The sun falls hot upon the mangy grass,
And ineffective breezes rise and pass
Where men are sprawled in helpless attitudes;
They seek forgetfulness in interludes
Of twitching sleep;
Deprived of nature's compensating laws
They dream, perhaps, of hunger's all devouring claws.
Where shade is deepening the larger crowds collect;
Old questions are revived: "And what can we expect?
The bosses, what've they done for me 'n you?
And where'n the hell, I say, are they lead'n us to?"
The soap-box orator expounds our lack.
Across the street the empty buildings send the echo back.

MARY WALLACE KIRK.

Judas Bargains Thrice

A One-Act Play By Jay G. Sigmund

Cast of Characters

Judas Iscariot; Lazar, the Goatbreeder; Dorcas, the wife of Lazar; Philip, the eldest son of Lazar; Ezra, the younger son of Lazar.

Place: A hill cottage on a slope near Jerusalem.

Time: Late afternoon—after the Crucifixion.

(The play opens showing the interior of Lazar, the Goatbreeder's home. It is a plain cottage with whitewashed walls. Lazar is sitting on a rug on the right hand side of the room and Dorcas, his wife, sits on a bench which runs along the left side of the room. She is carding wool with a hand carder and is clad in a blue robe. Lazar is a great black-bearded man and his tunic is of red and yellow. He wears a turban and a wine bottle stands near him. A shepherd's crook is on the floor near. Philip, Lazar's eldest son, is lolling on a rug near his mother. He resembles his father but is beardless. Ezra, the younger son of Lazar, is standing in the doorway leaning against the door jamb. He wears a blue tunic. He is about twelve. The room of the cottage is sparsely furnished. A coil of rope hangs from a pin in the wall.)

LAZAR: There was more excitement in Jerusalem today than I ever saw before. The streets were crowded and the roads to the city were black with people and beasts.

PHILIP: And why?

LAZAR: Hast not heard? They have crucified the half-mad poet-teacher who was called Christ.

DORCAS *(shivering with horror):* Oh, for shame! Why did they turn beasts and do such thing?

LAZAR: And why shouldst thou care a straw? Methinks he got his just dues. Why is it that women always have sympathy for any queer dreamer who comes with strange doctrine?

DORCAS: And why is it that men can turn wolves and slay one who is gentle and wise and good just because the words of his mouth are not like those that spill from the mouths of camel drivers?

PHILIP *(smiling and looking knowingly at his father):* Aha! Methinks, Sire, that my mother, though she only heard this mad vagabond poet a few times, was coming under his spell. 'Twas strange the way he had with women, as thou sayest.

(Ezra, the lad who stands in the doorway, peers down the roadway, shading his eyes with his hand. As Jacob finishes Ezra speaks.)

EZRA: Methinks I see a stranger coming at a great distance down the road.

LAZAR *(ignoring the lad):* What fools people may make of themselves. I would not have jostled through that throng to see a dozen mad poets nailed to a cross but yet Simon of Cyrene, whom I have often met in Jerusalem when I took goats to market, followed the throng and when this Jesus fell to the ground he allowed the soldiers to place the cross on his shoulders. He carried it for a great distance, he told me. I saw him after the killing sitting by the roadside weeping, while a man servant was picking a great sliver from his shoulder.

JACOB: The fool.

DORCAS: Blessed be this Simon of whom you speak.

PHILIP: See, sire, it is well this mad Jesus was made way with. His power over good women was not for their benefit. They grow strange when they have listened to him.

EZRA *(he has been continually peering down the road. Now he hurries to his mother's side and speaks to her):* A stranger comes to our cottage! An odd looking man with a matted beard and torn tunic!

(At that moment Judas appears in the doorway.

He is a tall, thin, bearded man with a brown robe. He looks gaunt and emaciated. His face carries an expression of terror. His raiment indicates that he has been going through thickets and he gives the appearance of one who is pursued. All of the people in the room arise and step toward him. They are half glad to see a stranger and yet half frightened. Judas looks from one to the other questioningly and it is a moment before he speaks.)

JUDAS *(in a low yet musical voice):* Ah, good man and family, I am a traveler by the name of Judas, who has grown weary and am hungered. Wilt thou allow me to rest in thy house? *(It may here be seen that Judas has a much spliced and frayed girdle of rope about his waist from which is suspended a great leathern pouch which he fingers nervously as he talks.)*

LAZAR: Welcome, thrice welcome, stranger. All I have in this poor house is thine. Come, Dorcas, spread a rug that this stranger may rest. He is called Judas, he says.

(Dorcas takes a rug from the bench and spreads it on the floor. Judas comes in and wearily seats himself and the rest return to their places. The boy, Ezra, sits by his mother.)

JUDAS *(nervously fingering his wallet):* Ah, good folk, thou art indeed kind. I could not have gone much further.

LAZAR: From whence comest thou?

JUDAS: From Jerusalem *(shudders).*

LAZAR: Aha, and why didst thou leave Jerusalem for this quiet neighborhood when in Jerusalem there is much going on this day which stirs the pulse?

JUDAS *(shuddering):* Speak not to me of that vile city, friend. It is full of horrors for me. I think of it only with loathing and would to God I had never seen it.

LAZAR: I care little for cities. I love such open places as this where I may rear my goats and live in peace away from noise and thieves. But thee? I judge thou art a man of the city and if one cares for cities it seems Jerusalem would be a place to suit.

PHILIP: And I agree with thee, sire.

DORCAS: Who would not despise Jerusalem now after what they did this day?

JUDAS *(looks about him with fear):* Ah! And dost thou know of what happened there this day?

LAZAR: Yea. I had gone there to market goats and ran into that mob. 'Twas a bad business. I would that I had gone some other day. The market was bad, too, for the buyers were too many of them away from the stalls. Fools that they were, trailing behind that mob to see a vagabond poet-carpenter nailed to a beam.

(Judas shudders and nervously plays with his wallet.)

JUDAS: My friend, didst ever hear the words of this poet-carpenter, as thou callest him?

DORCAS: I did, stranger, I was walking down the roadway and saw a crowd of people gathered under a clump of olive trees. I drew near and listened. I watched the face of this Jesus. His voice was as water running over the pebbles of a mountain stream when one is athirst. He told a parable and I could see the characters in his story as he pictured a shepherd tending a crippled sheep. I was charmed by the lesson he gave. I was cleansed by his mere glance. I feel a great loss has come to me. My world has gone gray because a light which shone there has been snuffed.

LAZAR: See, stranger, how a foolish woman's head may be turned by a few jeweled words uttered by some irresponsible poet, chanting by the roadside. She heard him more than once, too.

JUDAS *(sadly):* Ah, I can understand well how she could listen to his talk and be held in thrall. I, too, have heard him and would to God I might hear him again. I am in torment and he could comfort me were it not for what happened in Jerusalem today.

PHILIP: Aho, so thou, too, stranger, art one who has fallen under the spell of this Jesus?

JUDAS: Aye. I have heard him preach, seen him heal, have heard his parables and followed his teachings. But at last a viper must have sent poison into my blood and here am I, miserable and lonely. No more may I listen to the Great Teacher; no more harken to the lilting cadences of his voice. Ah, strangers, question me not, but only believe me one who now knows misery because I had not enough faith in song and dreams—because I thought the stuff of earth was to be put ahead of soul-need.

LAZAR: Ah, even thou speakest in the manner of a poet. Thou art welcome under my roof for a brief resting spell, stranger. I will admit that I am somewhat afraid of those who use silken poet-words, but thou seemst an honest fellow, so we will overlook the fact that thou hast been listening to talk of idle vagabonds and we make thee welcome. Dorces, bring us dates.

(Dorcas disappears for a moment and then returns with two bowls and a jar. While she is away, which is only for a moment, Judas suddenly sees the coil of rope which hangs from a pin on the wall. He starts violently when he sees it and then gets up and goes over and looks at it closely. Lazar and Philip, as well as the boy Ezra, watch him closely and with great curiosity.)

DORCAS: Be seated again.

LAZAR *(Philip and Judas seat themselves on their rugs which they place in the middle of the floor):* Here are dates for thee. Ezra, bring the wine bottle. *(The lad brings the wine bottle from the bench and a cup from off stage.)*

LAZAR *(as Dorcas serves them each with a bowl of dates):* Eat, stranger. I care not that thou art one with silken poet's words in thy mouth. Just now thou art my guest. Eat and drink. *(Judas has been served with wine and now drinks and eats. The other men nibble their dates. Ezra sits by Dorcas, who has taken a seat on the bench.)*

PHILIP *(having noticed Judas again looking at the rope):* Stranger, I notice that thou hast looked twice or more at the coil of rope on yonder pin. Why dost it claim thy interest?

JUDAS *(disturbed):* Ah, I know not why, except— *(furtively)* except I need a new rope for a girdle and I think my pouch shouldst be more tightly bound about its mouth with a bit of stronger cord.

PHILIP: It is none of our affair what you have in this wallet, stranger, but if money is there methinks thou shouldst indeed tightly bind thy wallet. *(Looks at his father and gives him a wink of understanding.)* There are thieves hereabouts and one should take care to be well guarded against any loss.

JUDAS *(sadly—still looking at the coil of rope):* Ah, 'tis no doubt true. Still what is a paltry few pieces of silver? A few days ago I was near to a great wealth

of something more precious than silver and I had not the wisdom to gather it up and hoard it. Now I have a few pieces of silver, but no peace of mind. No rest of soul.

LAZAR: Well, if that strand of rope seems to be of some worth to thee and thy silver seems to be so troublesome to thee, we may help thee out. Come, stranger, how much wilt thou offer for this strand of hempen rope?

(Judas shudders and pauses a moment. Then he hangs his head and motions toward the rope.)

JUDAS: Take it down that I may see its length. *(Philip goes and uncoils the rope from the pin. It is about ten feet long. He whips it out and causes it to wriggle about the floor like a snake.)*

LAZAR: See, stranger, a fine rope of pure hemp, which I used to tie my goats at the market today. It is nearly new; strong and clean. How much for it? *(Judas watches intently. His long fingers close and open—close and open over the mouth of his leathern wallet. The people in the room watch him closely.)*

JUDAS *(impulsively):* Ten pieces of silver. It is too much, but I will gladly give it. Ten pieces of silver!

PHILIP: Done. The rope is thine.

(Judas nervously takes the old girdle from his waist. Philip draws a huge knife from his tunic and cuts the rope in two pieces. Judas nervously opens his wallet and counts out the pieces of silver and gives them to Lazar. Then he puts the new girdle of rope around his waist and wraps the other piece about the neck of the wallet. Lazar pockets the coins and the men resume their seats again.)

LAZAR: Well stranger, that was a good bargain for thee.

JUDAS *(nervously):* Yea, I fear I have more use for rope than for money.

PHILIP: What a strange fellow thou art. Small wonder that thou shouldst take up with the teachings of that mad vagabond poet. Thy words are poet words. Never yet have I seen one of thy sort but scorned money. 'Tis a form of madness, I fear, but even so, I like thee. There is something of the great strength of midnight winds in thy talk. True thou lookst not too well with thy torn robe, but I wonder if thou couldst not be a man who saw better days.

JUDAS *(sadly):* Aye, aye. Better days have I seen indeed.

LAZAR: I cannot help but think how much better off one like thee would be if he would take up some good business like goat-breeding. Of course, thou hast said nothing of thy calling, but it is evident that thou art a man of some learning, perhaps a teacher, and not a man of the soil.

JUDAS: I was not a teacher, yet I was taught by a truly great teacher. I love these slopes, yet I cannot remain here. There is no spot where I can fare and be at peace. The world, great as it is, cannot hold a tortured spirit like mine. It is not for me to eat thy food and share the shelter of thy roof and then tell thee who I am. For too vile am I to deserve thy hospitality, yet I will do thee no harm for the brief moment which I will spend in thy cottage. Thy roof-tree is an hospitable roof-tree, but methinks the limb of a cypress on the slope outside where thy goats graze is the only kind of a roof I deserve above my head. I have been happy in my day but not in this day of awfulness. I am not to know such a thing as happiness again and yet I am near to it when I think of this strong rope about my body, for it will liberate me.

LAZAR: Hark! Hark to the man! Does he not talk like one of the priests in the temple? What a play of words. Surely, he is some man of learning. What strange hint of tragedy is in his talk! Listen, Ezra, lad. It is well for a boy to hear such jeweled words.

PHILIP: But words; what are they? I care more for one kid goat than for all the words on the scroll of a Pharisee or all the talk in a temple for a hundred days. *(Judas suddenly arises.)*

JUDAS: Ah, friends, I must away. The roadways down the world are long and dusty. Thou hast given me rest and food, wine and kind words and I am grateful. But I must be away.

DORCAS *(protestingly):* No, no, indeed. Tarry a while longer. Eat more of our food. Tell us about thyself. Pray linger.

JUDAS *(reluctantly seating himself):* Ah, good woman, perhaps thou wouldst understand. I was a man who held purse strings yet at heart I was a poet. I fell under the spell of that poetry which can be spun into a raiment for the soul and yet with one hand on a purse string and one ear listening to the talk of a mob, I lost the mystic tone of a great poet's song and I changed myself to mere jackal's bait. I can tell thee, little, woman, and yet thou alone of the ones in this room would understand. I have made a good bargain with thy husband and thy son, woman. Why should I linger any longer? Below us in the valley is Jerusalem. Beyond Jerusalem a skull shaped hill on the summit of which are three crosses. Below the town is a clean new tomb cut in rock. Tonight they will lay the body of a Great Poet-Teacher in that rock. But he will not remain there. Like the song of his lips which went winging down from that mount where the multitude listened, he will go forth unbound. It was my chance to fare with him through all time but I held purse strings and I had a listening ear for the words of those who barter. I made a bargain, woman, a bad bargain, indeed. Tonight I made another bargain, a far better one. See, woman! Look at this fine new rope which girdles me. Three days from now the Hill of the Skull will be clean and windswept. Three days from now the skull of a betrayer will be white and vulture-picked. It was I, woman, who made a bad bargain, but tonight *(exultantly)* tonight, I make a better bargain.

(Dorcas listens intently. It is plain to see she is much impressed. The men look at each other with amused glances and exchange winks.)

LAZAR: Very good to listen to, my stranger friend. Fine, rhythmic poetry, indeed, but of course, I understand not one fragment of it. I am somewhat ashamed of my weakness, yet I must confess I could listen to thee through a whole day.

JUDAS *(arising):* And now, my friends, I must be on my way. I am appreciative of all thy kindnesses but it is not well for me to tarry too long in one spot. I must away. My thanks to thee. *(Judas bows low to each of his hosts. They all bow low in return. Judas moves toward the door and pauses a moment on the threshold.)*

LAZAR *(bowing low):* A safe journey, poet-stranger! A safe journey. We are charmed by thy words and mystified about thee. May the roadway be clean this night, for darkness will soon come upon thee. May thy words charm others on the morrow as

they have charmed us. Shouldst thou again fare this way thou art welcome to what our cottage affords. A good journey to thee!

(Suddenly Judas pauses, bows his head a moment and then looks up with animation. A cry of exultation escapes him. He hurriedly unfastens the thong of rope which binds the leathern wallet. With hands that are trembling he holds out the wallet with one hand and he holds the cord in the other and advances toward Lazar. His voice trembles with excitement as he speaks. The people in the room watch him intently.)

JUDAS: I made a bad bargain a few hours back. None but the vultures will profit by that bargain. But tonight I made another trade with thee which pleases me. Ah, yes, when one can exchange silver that burns the flesh when touched for a fine piece of rope that will be most useful, he should not complain. But now I have another thing to propose to thee. I still have twenty pieces of silver in this wallet. It grows dark soon. Thou art crowded in thy cottage and have no room for guests. I saw the great cypress near thy house. Here, take the twenty pieces of silver and allow me to spend the night under this great tree. Is it well? Wilt do it?

(Lazar and Philip exchange glances. It is apparent they are much pleased with the offer, but, crafty men that they are, they do not want to appear too anxious.)

PHILIP: Oh, well, the price is not great, but if it is all thou hast we will take it. We have been glad to listen to thy talk and hence do not want to quibble. *(Holds out his hands and Judas pours the coins into them.)*

JUDAS: There. Now thou hast all the coins that have burned and burned like living coals.

LAZAR: And stranger, wouldst thou have a rug for thy bed under the cypress?

JUDAS: Nay. The night wind shall wrap my body and the softness of the night mists will be enough.

(Judas leaves and goes out of sight. Dorcas buries her face in her hands for a moment. Ezra runs to the door and looks after Judas and then returns to his mother's side. He sits beside her and puts his arm about her shoulders. Lazar and Philip are smiling and exultant over their bargain. They rub their hands and count the silver.)

LAZAR: Of all strange vagabonds that have come this way this man is the strangest. What thinkst thou of him? What makest thou of his strange talk? What meant he by his prattle of bargains made from which he gained nothing but ill? Didst the fool not realize that the silver he gave us would buy rope enough to girdle him an hundred times? Didst he not also realize that we would have gladly let him sleep under the cypress without price?

(He looks over and sees that Dorcas has once more buried her face in her hands.)

LAZAR: Woman, what is troubling thee? Thou shouldst rejoice at our good fortune. Thou must realize how poor of purse we were and here comes a mad poet and throws thirty pieces of silver to us. Oh, I know thou hast been growing moody of late because of thy interest in the teachings of the crazed carpenter of Nazareth, but that will soon pass. It is well that thou and other romantic women of this neighborhood have had this barrier to reason taken from thy midst. I only hope the mob of Jerusalem finished their bloody job.

DORCAS *(looking toward the doorway and rising with a dreamy, vacant look on her face):* Hill of the Skull; a tomb; a spirit emerging from the tomb on the third day; what did he mean? Ah, I think I know, but while he was here why did I not ask more? Oh, teacher of Galilee, thou hast gone from thy places of teaching and a great void is in the souls of thy pupils.

LAZAR *(impatiently):* Woman, stop thy tongue. Somehow it is fraying my nerves to hear thee.

PHILIP *(fondling the coins):* Ah, I would that some crazed poet would pass this way each day. Should this happen we would not need to raise goats and could live in ease. I wonder what this stranger is now doing. Did he, after all, lie down under the tree, I wonder?

DORCAS *(in the same dreamy manner as before):* Lazar, canst thou not fathom that something of great import has happened in the world this day? Canst not feel some strange tenseness in the very air?

LAZAR *(with a gesture of anger and impatience):* Woman, you try my patience sore! Thy craze for the teachings of this poet-carpenter was enough to drive even a more patient husband to madness and now thou art beside thyself over the words of some strange vagabond which we know not. Now comes another mood upon thee. Thou seest some strange phantoms even in the very atmosphere and gaze about thee like one possessed. Verily, thou hast given me a creepy feeling.

DORCAS *(advancing toward the door with outstretched arms and looking upward):* The third day; the tomb in the rock; what did he mean? What strange thing is in the very evening? What spell has clutched the world?

LAZAR *(to Philip):* Speak to her.

PHILIP *(grasping his mother's wrist):* Come from thy strange mood, Mother. Canst not see that thou art trying his patience? Hast not done this enough already? What concerns me is whether this stranger has any more pieces of silver. Go, thou to the cypress tree and ask him if he would buy dates to take with him on his journey. Silver he probably has none left, but offer to him a handful of dates in exchange for a piece of the rope he bought from us. Such an improvident vagabond will probably be robbed on the highway and we had as well have all he possesses of value before he leaves. Go!

LAZAR: Yes, the lad is right! Go!

(By this time Dorcas is near the door. She moves slowly toward it as the men exchange glances. The lad, Ezra, gets down from the bench where he has been sitting and follows close to his mother. She steps slowly to the threshold and looks out. Then a look of horror passes over her face and she grasps her head with a gesture of terror and screams. The men look at her amazed and questioning. She screams again and retreats from the door.)

DORCAS *(pointing through the door and gasping):* He hangs! His body is suspended by the rope which he wore around his waist! I can see plainly from here! The face is horrible! *(Covers her face with her hands as the men rush to her side. She hides her face in Lazar's tunic. He puts a protecting arm about her and he and Philip both look out the door. There is a look of terror on both their faces and they push Ezra back that he may not see the sight.)*

LAZAR *(after a pause):* Go quickly, Philip, cut

the rope and let the body down lest it attract vultures!

(Suddenly it begins growing dark.)

LAZAR: Here, Philip, give me the silver. *(In the growing darkness the men can be seen hiding the silver under a rug. There are claps of thunder and flashes of lightning. The wind roars outside. Still more darkness. Still more peals of thunder. When the lightning flashes the people can be seen cowering in one corner of the room. The men groan and Dorcas screams. In a moment Lazar's voice is heard.)*

LAZAR: Throw the accursed silver out the door, Philip! *(Philip can be seen tossing the coins through the door as the lightning flashes. Then there is a terrific clap of thunder and a flash of lightning makes the room visible. Then another pause during which the thunder dies and the room grows lighter as the storm lulls. During this time the voice of Dorcas can be heard.)*

DORCAS: Oh, Nazarene, I understand it now. It is plain that men who scoff at thee are the same as those who kill thee, at heart. Something in the very atmosphere—some terrible tenseness—surcharged the world this night and grope as I would I could not fathom its meaning. Now all is clear. The wrath of Jehovah is on the world and is leveled against men as thou hast said it would be. Great Poet-Teacher; Great Saviour of man's world, I understand now what the vagabond stranger who lately left our cottage meant. I understand and I am thankful for understanding.

(The storm has ceased as suddenly as it came and reveals Dorcas kneeling near the door with her hands clapsed in prayer. Ezra kneels beside her. The two older men are cowering in the corner. Their faces portray abject terror. They look at Dorcas and a new respect for her is plainly evident in their glance. She arises and goes toward the door. The men follow timidly.)

DORCAS: Look, Philip. Look, Lazar. The great cypress tree has been leveled to the earth by the storm. I can see the brown tunic of the stranger showing through the twisted branches.

LAZAR *(hangs his head, then in a reverent voice):* Philip, go and take his body from the tree top. Lay it carefully in the stable. Then go and dig a clean grave near the clump of olive trees. He shall have a good burial. He was a strange man and I understood him not, but somehow he had power. Mayhap it was because somewhere, sometime he had talked with prophets. I know not, but he shall have a clean grave in my own burial lot. Go, Philip. Go quickly. I shall follow soon and aid thee.

(Motions for Philip to go and Philip exits through the door.)

Curtain.

Gangsters in Uniform

[From our Special Correspondent]

Sunday morning in a Berlin suburb three weeks ago. A wintry sun sparkles on the snow in the deserted streets, the skating enthusiasts have already gone off to the lakes, the staid and elderly not yet put down their papers and set forth on their morning stroll. Suddenly a sound of running, followed by shouts. Looking out of the window we see ten young men in Nazi uniform advancing down the road, military fashion, in extended order. Each holds a revolver in his hand and peers about, "Where is he? Where's he gone?" they yell threateningly. As if to complete the criminal-romance scene which has burst upon the quiet neighborhood, the fugitive suddenly appears from a garden gate. He, too, holds a pistol in his hand. Breathlessly we watch as he calmly steps into the middle of the pavement, raises his weapon and fires. A Brown Shirt collapses, again the revolver speaks twice in rapid succession, two more figures drop. The rest turn and run, they have not fired a shot and soon disappear round corners. With a glance at the fallen the man hurries quickly away in the opposite direction. The Nazis were not expecting resistance!

Another scene, this time an upstairs apartment house now used as an office. The house is in a side street, not far from the gaily lit Kurfürstendamm, the center of Berlin night life. It is early evening and everyone is busy getting the little paper ready for press the next day. The door bell rings, one of the girls hurries to open it and as she does so five men quickly step inside. One covers the girl with a revolver, the others shout to the journalists and assistants to put up their hands and get back against the wall. Three of the "visitors" then proceed to ransack the place, fling papers about, damage and destroy some, put others aside for removal. Then, firing off a shot or two and with threats to the work people, they leave. That is what happened to *Die Ente* a week or two ago. "The Duck" is a Socialist humorist paper and is unpopular with the National-Socialists, to whom a sense of humor is a foreign importation.

But this was only at the beginning of the period of "Nazi Heaven." Since then there has been daily progress. A few days after the above little episode, for example, a Socialist Children's Home in Thuringia was burned out. Then came the affair at Eisleben when a group of Nazis in uniform burst into a Communist Party home and left behind them after their visit some ten or twelve badly injured people, including a boy of twelve. Last week only, in a village near Berlin called Grossbeeren, a Nazi torchlight procession was followed by an attack by armed thugs on a workman's house. The man was shot and badly injured, his wife was also shot at but escaped through a window. Then the house was set on fire. Nine families are now homeless and have lost all their belongings. Naturally, nobody has been arrested. On the contrary, they may yet qualify for a State Funeral in the Cathedral attended by Hitler and the ex-Crown Prince. That is what happened to their "heroic comrade," Maikowski, a self-confessed murderer, a few Sundays ago!

Every day the papers carry reports of fresh outrages, very cautiously and without comment, otherwise they would be suppressed as hundreds already have been. The Government Press describe such crimes as "political incidents" and usually does not mention the Nazis. The papers of the Fascists themselves of course announce the atrocities, if at all, as dastardly attempts on the lives of nationalist heroes made by "Marxists,"

attempts suppressed by the heroism of the Nazis. Thus literally scores of Socialist and Communist papers in small towns have been bombed, thousands of people have been beaten up and in the daily street fights the number of killed since January 1st is running into hundreds. The great majority of these crimes have been attacks on individuals by bands of Nazis.

But latterly things have changed. Six weeks ago Nazis were quite often arrested. It was then possible for a Nazi to be imprisoned for killing a political opponent in cold blood. Today that is impossible. Nazis can and do murder with impunity every day and night. And to make their assurance doubly sure they have now been turned into special constables! Göring, the Nazi leader who controls the Prussian police, has deliberately armed his Party thugs and egged them on to shoot. He has done even more. The Prussian police were never conspicuously gentle but in their defence it must be said that they have had a dangerous and trying time for years. Nor could they be accused of too gross a bias for they numbered many Socialists amongst them, as well as Catholics and men of Nazi or nationalist sympathies. Göring began by sweeping out of office all Police Chiefs throughout Prussia who were not extreme nationalists. They were replaced by Nazis, such as Admiral von Levetzow, the new police chief of Berlin, who during the war commanded one of the battle cruisers which bombarded Hartlepool.

But Göring went further and issued an edict which is unprecedented in western Europe and which seems intended to weed out such individual policemen as still remain civilized. In this edict it is stated that "police who make use of their firearms in the course of their duties will be protected by my authority, whatever may be the result. Those who hesitate may, on the other hand, expect disciplinary action." And it concludes: "Every policeman must constantly remember that an omission to adopt strong measures will weigh against him more heavily than a fault committed in their execution." The words speak for themselves but taken in conjunction with the general situation the edict is not merely an incitement of the police to murder, but a plain threat of disciplinary action against those who do not do so. To this degree of barbarism have Hitler and his gangsters reduced a great civilization.

Prussia today is not a civilized country and to think of conditions there in terms of other countries is to have no conception of what life is for the ordinary civilized German now that the Nazis have abolished police protection. Murder is rife, liberty has disappeared, the press is suppressed or muzzled, telephones are tapped and few who pretend to an interest in politics can call themselves safe. Berlin is alive with rumors of Putsch and counter-Putsch and Hitler's plans to fill it with an army of his Brown Shirts on election day is already causing something like panic. For the Nazis have always declared that their first action when they came to power would be to massacre the Jews and their political opponents; this was the famous "Night of the Long Knives" about which they made songs. They are being credited now with definite plans for this outrage, the signal for which will be given by a simulated attempt on Hitler's life, which would be used as an excuse later for the leader's inability to "hold back their men." If anything like that occurs Europe will at least know what it has to deal with. The idealism which at one time was to be found in the ranks of National-Socialism has gone; the dregs are left, job-seekers and gangsters.

HARRISON BROWN.

The Study Table

A Criticism of Socialism and Capitalism

Francis Neilson, in his "The Eleventh Commandment,"* has written a searching book. It challenges the existing order, modern economic theory, and the church. The Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark," he takes for a starting point. The removal of landmarks means the joining of field to field and the creation of land monopoly. This inevitably resulted in the removal of the husbandman from the land and the creation of a slave caste, for without access to the land, man becomes dependent upon the owner.

The state, primarily, is an institution for the perpetuation of private ownership in land. Mr. Neilson searches the records of all the ancient religions and finds that man reached a high state of civilization in which he "worshipped the Creator, the earth, and the son of the union of the father (Creator) and mother (Earth)." "It was gratitude, not fear, that prompted man to worship the first deity, the Creator." The cry for justice in later times indicates clearly a time when men knew not involuntary poverty and when he could enjoy the work of his hands. In such a condition the land belonged to all the people. It was the uniting of man with God through the cultivation of the soil under this system that is the central fact in all the ancient religious teachings of the Jews, the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Persians. The removal of the landmarks marks a stage in the history of man. It is the introduction of the curse which is laid upon all people who have violated this ancient truth.

The Jewish prophets cried for justice, for economic justice. Theirs was a protest against the removal of the neighbor's landmark. But the prophets had forgotten that the fathers entered the land of Canaan as robbers, and by violence conquered the land. It may well be asked how ever a state headed by Jehovah could prosper when it was established by violation of fundamental rights.

The story of all the historic civilizations is the same. It is the story of the establishment of a legal monopoly supported by the state and in its train there follows all the horrors that have beset the path of what we call civilization. The story of land reforms in Greece and Rome is one futile endeavor to get back to the ancient principle, but all of these efforts failed miserably because the fundamental principle was never followed.

In a careful analysis of "Plato's Republic" Mr. Neilson shows that it is composed of two distinct books. The first book deals with justice and the second with the construction of a luxurious state. In the first section, the discussion, led by Socrates, leads to the conclusion that justice is "the institution of a natural

*"The Eleventh Commandment," by Francis Neilson. Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. $2.50.

order." This natural order, obviously, from the point of view of Mr. Neilson, is one in which man can

> . . . produce food, buildings, and clothing for himself, removing not his neighbor's landmark, practicing one thing only, the thing to which his nature is best adapted, doing his own business, not being a busybody, not taking what is another's nor being deprived of what is his own, having what is his own and belongs to him, interfering not with another so that he may set in order his own inner life and be his own master, his own law, and at peace with himself.

It follows that the second book is essentially a joke. To the first section of the book justice is essential, and to the second, a philosopher king. The king is the state, and the state means, in the end all that the Athenian state meant—war, slaves, poverty, and finally utter disintegration.

All the glory that was Rome came about by the violation of the essential rights of man. It meant the substitution of legal property for natural property.

> Property in an economic sense refers to what is produced by labor; that which can be owned, giving its producer a right to its use and enjoyment.

But the Roman wealth, which ultimately destroyed the state that created it, rested upon conquest and slavery. It was a denial of justice and the fundamental rights of man. It resulted in idleness, misery and pain, and in the end the corruption of all the citizens of the state. It is this ignoring, in all the ancient civilizations, of the natural rights of man, that resulted in their destruction.

> And so it goes, century after century, and the authority of experience is ignored, over-ruled, and the big men of today imagine they can turn the tide of economic current which swept over the big men of yesterday and left deserts of sand to hide the same old causes of decay and dissolution.

The great writers of the eighteenth century, Locke, Butler, and Paine, all recognized the fundamental natural rights of man to the produce of his own toil. No legal fiction, though supported by armies and police, could eternally deny that right. It is this denial that has caused every civilization, including our own, to disintegrate. It is interesting to note that Kant, in his "Philosophy of Law," laid down the same fundamentals of life and conduct.

> He posits that each and every child born into this world is a co-heir to the opportunities and forces which are indispensable to its well being. Now this co-heirship of all the human family as tool using, food producing animals, is a link that binds man to the earth.

Kant is essentially in agreement with the great English writers. "Whatever one has made substantially for himself he holds as his incontestable property." This recognition of justice and natural rights was carried on by a little known writer, Patrick Edward Dove, who set forth the essential principles that were later expounded by Henry George in his "Progress and Poverty." Dove says:

> If then, we admit that every generation of men has exactly the same free right to the earth, unencumbered by any arrangements of past ages, the great problem is to discover "such a system as shall secure to every man his exact share of the natural advantages which the Creator has provided for the race; while at the same time, he has full opportunity, without let or hindrance, to exercise his labor, industry, and skill, for his own advantage." Until this problem is solved, both in theory and practice, political change must continually go on.

His answer to this problem is:

> By the division of its annual value or rent; that is, by making the rent of the soil the *common property* of the nation. That is (as the taxation is the common property of the state), by taking the whole of the taxes out of the rents of the soil, and thereby abolishing all other kinds of taxation whatever. And thus all *industry* would be absolutely emancipated from every burden, and every man would reap such natural reward, as his skill, industry, or enterprise rendered legitimately his, according to the natural law of free competition.

Mr. Neilson begins with the ancient Jewish law, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmarks." The removal of these, with a subsequent denial of natural rights and the creation of private property and land, supported by the state, have resulted in the chaos in which the entire world finds itself today. Man can only escape by the establishment of "God's justice on earth." In the application of the principle set forth by Dove, man escapes from a system which plunges him deeper and deeper into misery. Mankind resumes what has been mankind's from the beginning, the ownership of the earth. From this point on Mr. Neilson but reinforces by multitudinous illustrations his thesis that the modern bureaucratic, luxurious state was born of violence and has been used to deny the natural rights of man. Such a state, founded on an injustice, means today, as it meant in ancient Rome, one financial failure, economic debacle, after another. His reporting of the three major periods of depression in England, from 1840 on, reads as though written of our present situation. Food, and all that man needs, a-plenty, and yet the story is one of horrid misery, poverty, and crime. Seemingly mankind will not learn that

> The system of taxation in vogue taxes effort, penalizes industry, discourages thrift, and places a premium on dishonesty. So if men are to be employed and given a chance to work out their own economic and spiritual salvation, land must somehow be forced into the market and made available. The only way this can be done effectively is to untax industry and tax the value of land.

It follows that Mr. Neilson holds that the land value created by the community should be sufficient for the needs of a rational system of government. "And thus the ancient landmarks are restored."

The thesis of the book is supported by an interpretation of the teachings of Jesus. Much of this your reviewer cannot follow. It contains too much of "is it not to be inferred," "there is no valid reason," "it is quite possible," "no doubt," "Jesus must have," but reasoning of this sort seems to be the habit among all people who deal with the life of Jesus.

To Mr. Neilson, Jesus is a definite, clearly defined, historic character. His teaching is clearly set forth in what is known as "The Sermon on the Mount." Jesus is the exemplar of passive resistance. He knew it was futile to fight Rome with violence. The kingdom of God could only come on earth by the establishment of God's justice, a return to the law of God,—God's kingdom and its justice,—then mankind will find peace and richness and fullness of life on this earth. This is the mission of Jesus.

Space will not permit an analysis of what seems to Mr. Neilson sufficient evidence in support of this position. His analysis of the question put to Jesus, "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar or no?" is the culminating point in this whole discussion of the mission of Jesus. Volumes have been written in discussion of the answer of Jesus, "Show me a penny. Whose image and superscription has it?" And he said unto them, "Render therefor unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." It has been the strong fortress of all those who wish to claim Jesus as a preeminently practical man. To Mr. Neilson the answer is very clear, and very, very simple. Jesus preached non-resistance.

> Tribute was a thing unholy, a thing accursed and abhorred from all time. . . . The prophets knew, and, as Jesus knew the prophets, there is no sound reason for thinking Jesus did

not know. Give to Caesar what is his, and Caesar, like any other of God's children, will have to work if he wants to eat. . . . So "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" means nothing more, nothing less than render unto Caesar what he, in the name of divine justice, could call his own.

Then follows that "render unto God the things which be God's" means to give to God all things he has created. "Why?" Because it is impossible for the kingdom to come so long as men own parts of God's kingdom. . . . The law is very simple and very clear once it is interpreted by Jesus." So the Nazarene is joined with the long list of moralists, religious teachers, and prophets who affirmed man's natural right to that which he produces, and his share in all the goods and riches of the world, which were created by God for all mankind.

The long story of civilization is a record of the efforts of good men to do everything but get off the backs of the poor. Socrates said, "Justice will be admitted to be the having and doing what is man's own and belongs to him." Religion is the binding of man to an invisible God. According to Jesus and the prophets this can only be accomplished through the doing of justice.

Whatever one may think of the validity of the appeal to basilar principles of ancient religion, or his interpretation of the mission of Jesus, there is no escape, in the writer's opinion, from his definitions of justice and property. Who is there to deny that the earth and all its resources belong to the people thereof. That which no man created can no man claim as his own.

The state, the economic order, and the church, from the point of view of justice, are subject to merciless criticism. The failure of civilization after civilization is revealed as a ghastly picture of the sorrow and misery resulting from the simple denial of justice. The way is so plain, the paths so marked by the wrecks of past ages, that it seems as though mankind must at last walk in the road to peace, happiness and prosperity. And yet we today repeat the cry that is echoed down the ages, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

ARTHUR WEATHERLY.

Correspondence

From Gandhi's Son

Editor of UNITY:

. . . Pyarelal has been arrested in Bombay. In all likelihood I, too, shall be arrested as soon as I get to Bombay. . . .

The English-owned press is carrying on a vicious and dishonest campaign against Gandhi's movement for temple entry. India, which has been so far used to their incessant tirades against untouchability, is now told by all of them that orthodox Hindus have a strong case and should not be coerced by Gandhi's movement to ameliorate the lot of the Depressed Classes. They give plenty of space and prominence to letters from obscure Indians who oppose temple entry and run down Gandhi and our vast mass of workers by imputing political motives. Every big provincial town has an English-owned newspaper abusing the patience and tolerance of India in this manner. Their correspondents and other publicists in league with them control publicity agencies through which they disseminate false news throughout the world.

And yet, against all this the people of India are making definite progress. Untouchability will in all probability now go. Gandhiji's fast in September against the British Government's communal decision succeeded in achieving a lot, but we have gone still farther ahead now. We had been tolerating untouchability a little too much so far, although the Congress on Gandhi's advice has had the abolition of untouchability as one of the principal items in its constructive program for the past 14 years. Gandhi has from time to time expressed himself very strongly on the question ever since his return from South Africa. But the death blow to the curse had to be struck. Government could have done it just as in the case of "Suttee"—the practice of widows burning themselves alive on their husband's funeral pyres—which they abolished successfully by strong action. The other method was revolt and violence on the part of the Harijans (Depressed Classes) themselves. But, although their population is forty millions, the silent tyranny of custom through the centuries renders any uprising on their part out of the question. The present awakening and the direct educational work among the Harijans carried on by institutions all over India is making a difference, and before long we may expect them to assert themselves. But nothing else would have possibly aroused the conscience of the people had not Gandhi taken up his present desperate attitude. The wonderful response of the Hindu community is exceeding expectation, and if the Government does not stand in the way, we hope to achieve a real miracle in a short period of time.

The political movement has been somewhat thrown in the background. This is a sequel very much welcomed by the Government. But there is evidence to show that the Government looks upon the new social movement as equally dangerous. High Government officials make no secret of their aim, which is to foil every effort that may likely raise Gandhi's moral prestige and popularity in India and outside. The Viceroy and his immediate advisers openly avow this policy. . . .

Tiruchengodu, India. DEVADAS GANDHI.

India's Political Prisoners

Editor of UNITY:

Monica Whately has just come back from a 12,000-mile journey through India. She was especially interested in the condition of the political prisoners, Gandhi's nonviolent followers. According to the government, there are 20,000 of them now in jail. According to the Indians, there are really about double that number. In the February issue of the India Bulletin of London, she writes:

"The India league delegation, of which I was a member, wanted to see the inside of the prisons, about which we heard such terrible stories. In the majority of cases we were refused permission. As one British official informed me, 'We have instructions to assist their delegation whenever we can, but one thing is quite explicit—you are not to see jails.' So we had very few opportunities of seeing the inside of the jails or talking with political prisoners. But we saw those men and women when they came out.

"These fighters for India's freedom are not criminals, but doctors, professors, judges, barristers, teachers, merchants, land-owners, students. I should say the greater number are drawn from the professional classes, though the simple villagers have also gone to prison in thousands. . . . The flogging of prisoners takes place in many jails, in spite of protests from many bodies, including the missionaries. It is only when one has seen the horribly-scarred bodies of the men and young boys who have endured this treatment—bodies which will carry those scars to the grave—that one can say how brutal is this punishment, a punishment which can turn strong men into physical wrecks."

While she was there, the papers reported that a jailer named Roach and a deputy jailer named Jackson had beaten a political prisoner to death. Mrs. Whately says: "Morally, England has already lost India."

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Temperance Agitation a Crime—in India!

Editor of UNITY:

Our "wets" must envy the unlimited dictatorship exercised by the British government in India. There it has been made punishable with two years' imprisonment to try to persuade anyone not to buy liquor! (See the new edition of Dr. J. T. Sunderland's "India in Bondage," page 531.)

L. M. J.

Boston, Mass.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 82)

Motion to Expunge, and 750 against. Lord Stanley said that he was a Pacifist, but love of country transcended party views, and circumstances regulated his pacifism.

The fire has spread to Wales (280 to 91) and Canada. The students of University College, London, voted 101 to 47, that "In the event of the British Government declaring war the British student will not support the Government." The universities at Manchester (371 to 196) and Leicester have taken their stand with the Oxford students. Nottingham University has done the same, the president of the students saying, "fighting for one's King and Country is being engaged in one's State military organization . . . and I think modern warfare is unsound . . . our splendid clear-eyed youth demand to be conscripted into social service, and are burning to live for mankind."

This is one of the most hopeful signs in the English-speaking world. It will grow. The end is not in sight!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Care American Express Co., Geneva

The Unknown Soldier Cries Peace

The Unknown Soldier spoke to the world Sunday.

Not from the tomb, for this is no metaphor. Tommy Atkins, Hans Schmidt, Jean Poilu. Living men, scarred men; some blind, some without legs or arms, others physically whole but with wounds that still bleed the soul. They assembled at Geneva, 8,000 of them, to protest against war. There was not a statesman among them. No delegate to the disarmament conference took the time to listen. They represented only the common people, who are given their choice of going to war or to be shot or imprisoned at home, when the statesmen conclude that peace is no longer tenable.

A statesman, Hitler, forbade the veterans of his country to attend the meeting, but the German veterans sent a message: "No more war!" Another statesman, Mussolini, allowed the Italian veterans to attend, but gagged them. Our own American Legion was represented, but worked at cross-purposes with their former allies and enemies. But the French, the British, the Austrians and Hungarians, the Poles and the Roumanians shouted in unison: "Peace! Peace at any price, peace by every means, a peace above all."

Who had a better right to demand it? These men were ordinary people who had become soldiers perforce. They were shoemakers, farmers, clerks, bus drivers, lawyers, school teachers, journalists, garbage collectors. Family men, working for a living—a living miraculously spared them out of four years of horror that had devoured 13,000,000 of their comrades. Who shall speak against war with more authority than the man who endured it, who was taken from home and school or job, stuffed into a uniform, filled with propaganda and weapons, and told to kill as many other men identically like himself as he could?

The veterans' assembly at Geneva concluded there were two untried ways to reduce the chances of war. One was to eliminate the private manufacturer of ammunitions, the man who, as we saw at the London Naval Conference, thinks so much of money that he will hire agents to wreck the strivings of nations to reduce arms. The other means was to take the glory out of war in children's minds. Both are suggestions worth prosecuting; they are no more impossible than the plans put forth by men of reputed wisdom and international fame.

Some say smugly that war is human nature. They tut-tut the resolutions passed in the greatest universities of Great Britain that bind the students not to fight "for King and country."

They have not seen war. They may, some of them, have worn uniforms. But they have not been stripped of their identities, given a number instead of a name and thrust into patterned clothing like so many convicts. Glory in being a soldier? Ask one who was at the front and came away with enough sense left to remember. There is nothing glorious in being crusted with dirt, crawling with lice, eating rotten food when it can be obtained, in the midst of a bedlam of noise that cannot be duplicated. Death shrieks overhead, and the stench of it is never forgotten. Glory? Look at the world today, sixteen years after the war to end war, the war to make the world safe for democracy, and ask—what price glory?

Newark (N. J.) *Evening News.*

Perhaps what is being most tested in these times is religion, or philosophy. A great part of our trouble is due to the fact that so many people in every nation have all along had, not a religion, but only a creed,—and some sort of social connection which they mistook for a genuinely religious one. We belong with those who profess to believe that the world of real values is invisible and intangible. . . . Yet some of us have recently been acting as though we did not so believe.—*The Standard.*

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